

Good Morning 769

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron
Richards
Civvy Street
Guide



Surprise for Steward J. McDougal

WHEN we called at your home at 14 Raeburn Place, Aberdeen, leading Steward James McDougal, who do you think opened the door? Your kid brother, Charlie, of the R.A.S.C., just off the train from H.Q. in France. Boy, was he happy?

He's looking mighty fit, and thinks life's just grand. Been on a "job," as he calls it, to Germany, but is stationed at an H.Q. in France. Brought back bags of photos, including a series of the Menin Gate.

Another surprise for you, Jim—we have three altogether. Your other brother, Flt. Sgt. Bill, R.A.F., is back from

Cairo. When we called he was home at 14 Raeburn Place, at Forres, where his wife's home is, but he was expected hourly at No. 14.

Third surprise. You know Petty Officer Noel Brown, that Doncaster chap sister Dorothy introduced you to on one of your leaves?

Well, he's going to be your brother-in-law. Dot and Noel have become engaged. He is stationed at Scapa just now.

Your other sister, Nessie (Mrs. Winchester), and her two lovely kids, Robert and Dorothy (seen in picture with her, along with Charlie and Mother), are fine, and expect their Daddy home soon from the Middle East.

Brother Bert is still doing his stuff as an R.A.F. L.A.C., and last heard of was at Brussels.

Now about the old folks. Your Mom is looking grand and in great spirits with all this excitement. Dad left this message: "I'm dying for the time when we'll both slip round the corner together again. Catch on? Everybody sends love."

Lastly, Mom bid us tell you that both your cousins—Driver Aneas McDougal, R.A.S.C., captured at Crete, and Sgt. Francis Welsh, Paratroops, captured at Arnheim—are both home from P.O.W. camps—and in the pink.

Had Soccer Greatness thrust upon him

GREATNESS in all walks of life comes in many strange ways and through odd twists of fortune. Especially noticeable is this in the hard calling of professional football.

One day a lad may be an "unknown." Next week, perhaps because a star has been out on the shelf with an injury, he is in League football and himself something of a sensation.

Leslie Smith, Brentford's fast-moving and very clever outside-left, who is firmly established as England's best, is a typical example of what I mean.

Leslie, who comes from Ealing, Middlesex, went to St. Dunstan's Catholic School, and one of his friends was a young fellow named Gordon Curtis. They sat next to each other in the classroom; partnered each other in the school football team.

Even at that early age Leslie Smith possessed football ability above the ordinary, and young Gordon, who happened to be the son of the Brentford manager, Harry Curtis, went home and told his father about Leslie.

Well, to cut a long story short, Mr. Curtis went along to see Smith play, and it did not take the Brentford chief

long to appreciate that the boy had talent.

When the time came for him to leave school, he offered Leslie a chance in the Brentford office before he turned professional. Smith accepted, and every Saturday turned out for an amateur club.

Then Wimbledon, the famous South-West London amateur side, invited Smith to play for them, and when their regular

**A new series of
football personalities
by JOHN ALLEN**

right-winger was injured Smith stepped in.

So well did he play that he was kept in the team right through the Amateur Cup, and was the youngest player ever to appear in this Final when he played against Bishop Auckland.

By now numerous other League clubs were angling after Smith, so Harry Curtis took the wise course of signing him on a pro. form for Brentford.

Then Smith, in the profes-

sional ranks, started having greatness thrust upon him. First Bobby Reid, the Brentford and Scotland left-winger, was injured, so Smith was brought into the side on the left touch-line.

He was a sensation—and after his second game, which was against Arsenal, people began to predict an England cap for him.

When Reid was fit, he simply could not replace Smith, and only when Welsh international right-winger Dai Hopkins was injured did Reid return to the side, Smith taking the right-wing berth.

Again he played in sensational form, and for a long time Hopkins did not get back into the side.

Finally, Reid, who again lost his place to Smith, was transferred to Sheffield United, and Leslie began his climb to the top of the football tree.

He began to be picked for international tours, and when Denis Compton (Arsenal), who had been playing on the left wing for England, was not available, Les Smith was brought in.

Now he is one of the first choices for England. Throughout his career Smith has had

WARE THE LURE OF BIG MONEY

AN A.B. from H.M. Submarine "Truncheon," writes asking about films. He says he has always been interested in films, and would like to make his future in that industry.

Well, there is no reason why he shouldn't.

I have gone into a lot of detail regarding the essential requirements. Space doesn't permit me to repeat it all, so I must refer you to back numbers. However, in case you are dubious of the reception you would receive at a studio, I will give you the reply I got from J. Arthur Rank when I put the question to him.

All letters, even if addressed to local cinema managers, eventually get to the appropriate departmental chiefs at the head offices. If you enquire about becoming an actor, your letter will go to the talent spotting branch; if you want to make sparks it will reach the boss electrician, and so on.

That is fair enough, and so don't be frightened to shoot your own particular line, that is if you have something with which to back it. If you haven't, you don't stand a chance in heaven of getting in the money via the celluloid track.

To short cut the local cinema, you should write, fully and clearly, to the chief electrician or the appropriate man, at the Eagle-Lion Studios, Denham, Middlesex.

Another letter comes from P.O. Letts, of H.M.S. "Forth." This grocer wants to get back to his store, but is worried about what might have happened since he took off his apron.

That is a very long answer. There have been so many regulations and restrictions brought in that it would be impossible even to tabulate them in this article.

They will need some understanding, but rationing and food office reports can be managed.

Without some of the regulations your shop would have gotten into a sorry state.

Anyway, for financial and administrative matters, there is a Ministry of Labour bureau in your town. They will give you every assistance in picking up where you left off.

Regarding more internal matters such as stocks and so on, I have made enquiries of a business transfer agent, who specialises in grocery businesses, and he promises to give you the fullest possible advice, free, of course. I have given his address in a letter to you.

My article on opening a small restaurant has brought in a load of enquiring letters. Naturally, I gave all the details at hand in the article, and so far have not learned much more in that line. If there are some more details you need, I suggest you contact your local Food Office.

The Minister of Food recently made it clear that all applications for retail catering licences must be made through the local Food Office to the Food Control Committee, which is nominated by the local government.

If the local committee turns you down, you have right of appeal to the Divisional Food Inspector, a civil servant appointed by the Ministry of Food.

If he won't play, you have the right to approach your local Member of Parliament. If he can't help, you start all over again.

NOW for a word on civvy street jobs in general.

A very wide choice of jobs awaits you, even if you don't want to go back to your old firm. So far, just a few hundred men have applied to

local exchanges for jobs, after they have been paid off.

Don't come out feeling that no one wants an ex-sailor.

And, more important, don't, when you get the roll, drop into the first job that is offered you, unless you have carefully considered that it is just the job for you.

In your fifty-six days' paid leave you will have plenty of time to look around, so use the Labour Exchange, and find something that has a future, and something that will interest you.

If you go for one of the many big money openings, a thing you will be tempted to do after meagre Navy pay, you may regret it. Stop and think, and talk it over. Remember, you are, whether you like it or not, in a new world, and on the foundations laid now you have to build the future.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Go easy with that floor polish, you dope! You're fillin' up the accident ward!"

This is Welsh Gossip

WALES is getting ready to boost a big tourist traffic as soon as things settle down. Old taverns are looking to their laurels, but Wales does not boast many inns of antiquity.

One that dates back to the 12th century is at Llanfihangel Crucorney, near Abergavenny. It is said to be the oldest in England and Wales. It was built, so local records show,

when the noted Llanthony Priory was founded.

NEW LORD MAYOR.

WALTER WILLS, who started his working life as an office boy with the Old Bute Dock Company in Cardiff, is to be next year's Lord Mayor of Cardiff.

Ald. Wills, who has been member for the Roath Ward since 1927, is noted for his championing of "the bottom dog."

A smiling, good sport, he

is a go-getter who promises to take special care of Service boys who will be trooping home in their thousands during his year of office.

TOLL STORY.

FRANK MORGAN, company director, of Plymouth Road, Penarth, near Cardiff, is a bonny fighter for the "rights of man."

For years he has been waging a campaign against that last relic of feudalism in South Wales, the road toll-gate between Cardiff and Penarth, where motorists are made to pay 3d. a wheel toll.

In 1942 Frank Morgan refused to pay. So they took his name. He went to Court and was fined 10s. Frank said he wouldn't pay. So they said, "Well, the alternative is seven days in clink."

When the seven days were up, Frank waited at his home for the police to collect him. But they never came. And Frank went on passing through the toll-gate. He went through 274 times and never paid. Then his car was laid up.

Throw bricks at us if you like (the Editor is building a house, anyway), but for goodness sake WRITE!

Address:

"Good Morning,"

c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,

Admiralty, London, S.W.1

THE LOST ISLE OF PARADISE

If you know San Francisco water and sat down in his usual place, front you'll know Gringo's legs stuck out in front of the Cafe. And if you know Gringo's fire. Somebody started up the old little back lounge reserved for chorus: skippers and mates on the Pacific runs.

It was in that room that Quirk, of the Monteith, threw his bomb about the lost Isle of Paradise.

He came in just as usual—his peaked cap drawn down over his brows so that you don't know whether he is looking at you or not, and his hands stuffed into his reefer pockets.

When Quirk enters a room his fingers (still inside his pocket) give the door handle a side wrench and his shoulder jolts the door up against the wall with a crash. That's how we knew it was Quirk, back from Valparaiso.

He had taken over the Monteith, reef seven years before and had a new boat, and I was waiting for him, as I had signed on as his mate for the next trip.

"Howdy," he said, just like that without naming anybody, outside Antofagasta.

Quirk kicked a stray bit of log back into the fire, and, pushing his cap back on his forehead, looked across at me. We knew then that Quirk had something to say.

"What was the name of the bo'sun on the old Talato, the sister of my boat?" he asked gruffly.

The singer stopped singing and the company hushed, for the disaster of the Talato was one of the things for which we hated the South Pacific.

She had struck an uncharted reef seven years before and had gone down like a stone, hardly giving us time to get away in the boats. The boat in which I was picked up about a week later that without naming anybody, outside Antofagasta.

The other three boats were never heard of after we parted company from them during the night.

"Murchie was his name," I said. "He steered the small gig—"

"That's his name," said Captain Quirk. "I brought him back with me this trip."

I dropped the glass which I was raising to my lips, and every pair of eyes in that room switched to Quirk's face.

He was staring into the fire, and he spoke soft and slow so that we heard every word.

Here's a sea story that has you guessing

"I've sailed the Pacific for nearly twenty years, and I tell you boys it's the brute of an ocean. It's always doing unexpected things. Hell to it; but it calls you back all the same! Well, we cleared Valparaiso and were coming north when we struck a squall east of San Felix. Ran clear of it and were near the twentieth latitude when we sighted a small gig with one man in her. We drew up and took him aboard. That man was Murchie, the bo'sun of the old Talato."

You could have heard a pin drop. Every man was staring at Quirk.

"He was hale and in fairly good shape," he continued, "though his water supply was about gone. I reckon the position was about 20.10S, and maybe about 80W. It was evening when

we got him, and we didn't get an observation for a day or so after. We were a good bit out of the track because of the squall.

"He didn't want to come aboard at first, but we made him, for he handed out a line of talk that showed he was crazy as a buck rabbit with the measles. The boat he was in was the gig of the old Talato. Her paint was peeling, but the name was still to be read, but dimly—"

"But, skipper," I broke in, "it's seven years since the Talato went down! For the love of Mike don't say this man has been drifting for seven years—"

"I'm telling you what I saw and I'll tell you what I did," I whispered. "He only called it the Isle of fire. 'There were bananas and prickly pears and pirarucu fish in his boat. Pirarucu fish is a native eat, as you all know, and they take it on trips with them. But I asked him the same question you've asked me—about the beach. They landed and drifting all that time. And he told me he had been living on an island."

"An island?" I cried.

"That's what he said," replied Quirk. "At first I thought he meant the islands of San Felix or San Ambrosia on the eighth longitude. Then I suggested Juan Fernandez and Mas-a-Fuera. But it wasn't any of these. He was drifting too far north for them; and his story made me think he was off his mustard. He talked looney, so I clapped him into a cabin and brought him up here. He's over in the State asylum, raving about his Isle of Paradise."

Murchie alive! The news had stunned me at first, and sent my mind back to that night

when the Talato went full speed on to the reef.

It was a bright enough night when she struck, but had darkened when we were in the boats, and when dawn broke my boat was alone.

It took us nearly a week to get rescued off the Chile Coast, and by that time there were only three of us worth a kick.

But Murchie! He was a good seaman and had the makings of an officer in him. He came of a good family and had taken to the sea naturally. That was seven years ago!

I laid a hand on Quirk's sleeve. "Did he name this island?"

"He only called it the Isle of Paradise," replied the skipper. "From what he said he had drifted with his mates in the gig for some days after the Talato went down and then sighted a low island with mangroves down to the beach. They landed and found some Arawaks living there—maybe a hundred or so."

"The Arawaks gave them grub and drink, but only two men besides Murchie recovered. The three of them lived with the natives and fished with them and built houses. The island had no name, but from what Murchie tried to make me believe it must have been the sort of place that most men dream of—a regular paradise."

"And Murchie said that his two mates died from snake bites in the bush. He was left alone. He wanted me to turn back and search for his island, as if I wasn't in a hurry to get my ship into port!"

Quirk kicked the blazing logs again thoughtfully.

"If he is talking crazy stuff it's the most alluring stuff I've ever heard. There were belts of coco-palms above the line of surf, and behind the palms was a green hill the top of which was black, evidently the crown of an extinct crater. It was the colour of the place that he was constantly talking about. Gold and emerald and indigo and brown."

"The folks lived mostly on fish and fruit, and everybody was happy and contented. They caught tortoises, too. It was one of the tortoises that had been the cause of him being out on the high seas. I'm telling you what he told me."

"Go on," said his hearers. "If you guys can think of the fairest island on the broad Pacific," said Quirk, "you will be thinking of a miserable place compared to Murchie's island. The bush was crammed with life—tropical life. Lizards were sleeping lazily on nearly every tree branch. They had bamboos and sugar-cane and wild vine."

"The place was a garden of dreams, for every flower grown in the South Seas was there. I'm telling you what he told me. He never wanted to see civilisation again. There was a girl in it."

"You know what the Arawaks are like. They can be beauties. Murchie had married one. He spoke of her like one would speak of a goddess. He raved about her all the trip, sometimes going on his knees to plead with me to turn back. I tell you guys if what that man says is true, it's a poem he's been living for the last seven years. And he must have been living somewhere."

"Well how did he come to be (Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. In what card game is the term "Left Bower" used?
2. What planets in the Solar System are nearer the sun than the earth is?
3. What towns in Great Britain have a population of over a million?
4. When did the Labour Party first take office in Britain?

5. What cricketers headed (a) the batting, (b) the bowling, averages at the end of 1939?
6. What three counties in Scotland begin with the letter K?

Answers to Quiz in No. 768

1. Squab.
2. Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas.
3. 12 (including Britain and Hungary).
4. Jupiter.
5. Every 4 years.
6. 1934-1945=289=CCLXXXIX.

Made Horseshoes on her chest

MADAME NINON combined strength with beauty.

That she was beautiful is vouched for by a Mr. Carter, who, writing to a friend in 1816, some fifty years after he saw her, described her as "most beautifully and delicately formed, and of a most lovely countenance."

She must have been good to look at for Mr. Carter to remember her those many years.

But he was impressed with her strength, too. At a time when Mayfair, London, lived up to its name, the district provided sightseers with many interesting and astonishing side-shows. Not the least of these, for a period, was Madame Ninon.

She was the wife of a Frenchman, who seems to have been content to make a living by exhibiting Madame Ninon's extraordinary strength.

It was a very simple exhibition, judged by modern standards, but certainly impressive. Mr. Clark tells how three men bore a blacksmith's anvil into the room and placed it before the French lady.

Having let down her "wonderful auburn hair, which descended as far as her knees" (undoubtedly Mr. Carter was smitten), she twisted it round the projecting part of the anvil and, with seeming ease, lifted it some inches from the floor.

After this, she tripped across the room to a bed, where she lay on her back and "uncovered her bosom." (Oh! Mr. Clark!)

At a sign from her husband the smiths placed the anvil on her chest. At Monsieur's request they took a heated iron from a fire and proceeded in workmanlike fashion to beat out a horse-shoe. The clanging hammers did not seem to discompose Madame Ninon in the least.

"The prostrate fair," to quote Mr. Clark, "talked and sang" throughout the process.

When the horse-shoe was completed, the dainty lady heaved the anvil from her chest so that it fell with a great thud to the floor, and, jumping up with the greatest gaiety, proceeded to tie up her hair.

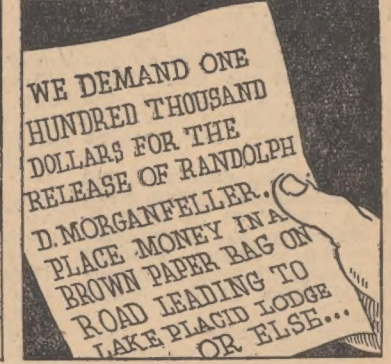
Mr. Clark, however taken with the lady's charms, was no fool. He took the trouble to search for any trickery, but could find none.

The smiths who beat out the horseshoe, with the anvil nestled on so delightful a resting-place, were local men known to him, but strangers to the French couple. And he, at least, was satisfied with the astonishing strength of the lady. Though he does not seem to have thought much of her husband.

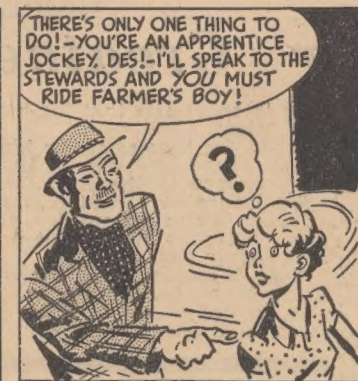
But no doubt there was jealousy behind that.

D. N. K. BAGNALL.

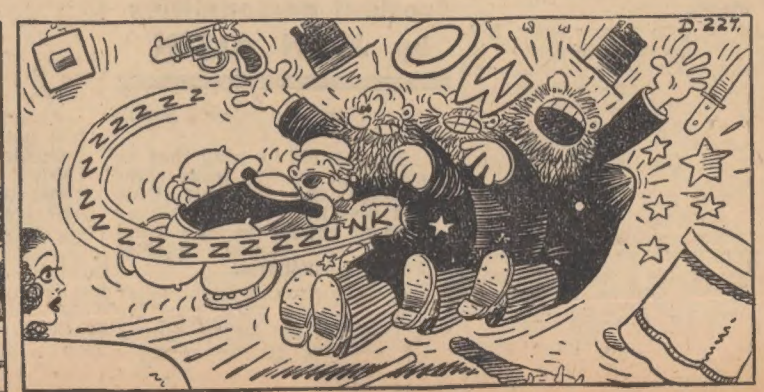
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



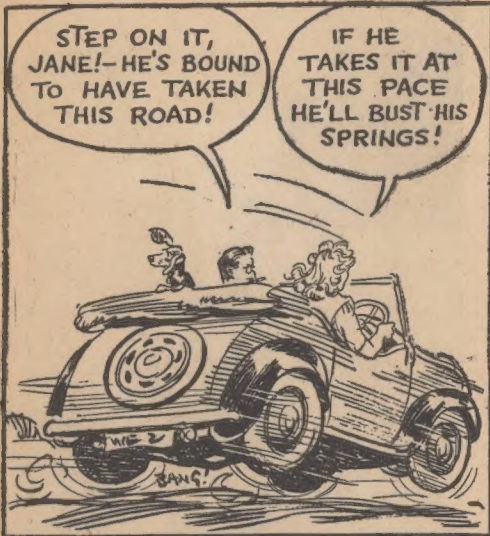
Wangling Words No. 707

1. Behead a scale and get a pond.
2. Insert the same letter 7 times and make sense of: hee-whatillock.
3. What girl's name of five letters can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: Jet-propulsion is quite —; the ejected gas — the aeroplane along.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 706

1. G-ROUND.
2. Granny told her grandson to mend his manners.
3. KENYA.
4. Gust tugs.

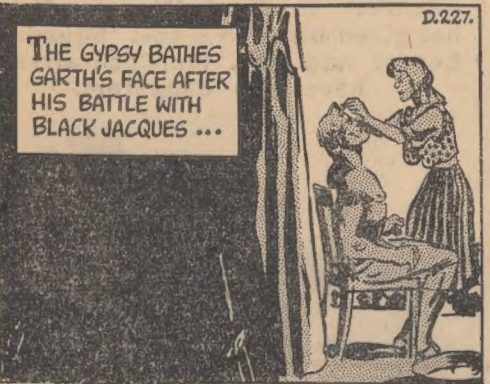
JANE



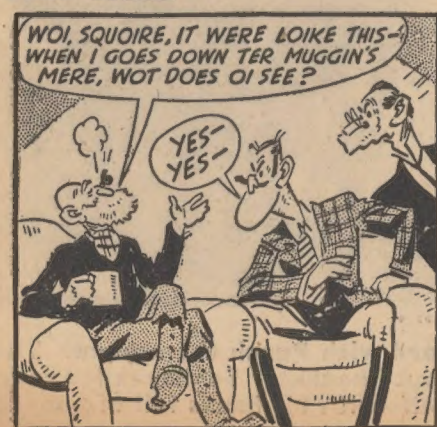
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



The Lost Isle of Paradise

(Continued from Page 2)

drifting alone twenty degrees south of the equator?" asked a voice softly.

"Oh, he was out catching tortoise and turtle. The natives harpoon them. Murchie had caught one, but it flopped overboard and set off dragging his boat with it. He was far out to sea when he cut the line and let it go. His island was a good bit off by that time, and the day was closing.

"He started to row back, but a squall—the same squall that drove me out of my course—caught him and pushed him before it.

"He drove for two days, and by that time he had lost his direction. He had provisions, so didn't mind at first; but after another day or so he realised that he was lost.

"I'm telling you what he told me. He was like a madman when I proved to him by the charts

that there wasn't an island within thousands of miles of us. Called me a liar, and asked to be put back into his boat and sent adrift, and he would find the place himself.

"The second day he was aboard he came to me and swore that we were passing his island—said he felt the perfume of the place on the breeze and knew that his young wife was watching out for him. When I tried to reason with him he just raved; and I locked him in a cabin and set a guard over him.

"That night he had a fit, brought on by his ravings, and we put him to bed and brought him into 'Frisco. He was ill all the way up, and kept babbling the name of his supposed wife."

There was a long silence after Quirk ended his story.

We all knew the Pacific well enough to know there is not a sight of land on the run south from

the time you pass the Galapagos until you slant inwards with the mound of San Ambrosio on your starboard.

West of that you can sail for more than two thousand miles before you sight Easter Island; and it is as far again before you hit Pitcairn, so Murchie couldn't have come east in the gig.

"Of course," said Quirk finally, "the man's looney. We'll never know where he has been—maybe he's been on a small trader—but he's been dreaming a lot. At first when I picked him up I was inclined to listen to him, but that story of the wonderful island shows he's crazy. The doctors at the asylum say he may come right give in time. Pity to see a good seaman go to the bad like that."

"He was the best steersman night who ever took a trick," I said as I rose. "Maybe I'll take a look in island. It might give his eyes lighted up as he spoke mind a jolt back on its keel. He of it. He didn't know the exact isn't the first the South Pacific has cracked."

I left them discussing the affair but he was sure he could find it and went up to the State asylum, again, if only he went south. The doctors said that he had been pretty quiet since he entered, and they showed me into a room where he was in charge of an attendant, young Arawak wife were swimming off the beach.

He knew me at once, and but for the fact that he was more bronzed and a little older-looking, there was not much change in him. Still big and powerful and hard as iron he was, but there was a strange wistfulness about his blue eyes.

We talked for maybe an hour and he repeated the story which Quirk had told.

He remembered every detail of the loss of the *Talato*, could give the names of the men who went with him in the gig and how we had drifted apart during the night.

Then he began to talk about his rose. "Maybe I'll take a look in island. It might give his eyes lighted up as he spoke mind a jolt back on its keel. He of it. He didn't know the exact isn't the first the South Pacific has cracked."

"Is there any chance of your going that way, sir?" he asked. "When are you sailing again?"

"Oh," I said, to humour him, "I'm sailing in a day or two. I'm mate of a sistership to the old *Talato*."

"Are you going down to Valparaiso, sir?"

"Not this trip. Just over to Honolulu and down to Callao." There was a sudden gleam in his eyes, but it faded quickly.

"My wife will be waiting for me," he said in a low tone. "She's waiting for me down there on the Isle of Paradise. She knows I wouldn't leave her. Ah, if only they would believe me!"

(To be continued.)



People Are Queer

MR. EDWIN H. TOMPKINS, of New York, has invented a tooth-brush in which an electric motor rotates the bristles.

What the heck for? ... unless it is in anticipation of automatic dentures.

THE London Zoo is always glad when Sir Donald Kingdon, Chief Justice of Nigeria, comes home on holiday. To them it's like having a visit from Father Christmas—they never know what exciting gifts he has in his bag.

Sir Donald makes a practice of bringing some of the smaller pieces of wild life from the country under his jurisdiction to add to the Zoo's collection of beasts great and small.

When he returned to England a short time ago, he surprised customs officials, who opened his luggage with a five-foot Nile lizard—a curious-looking affair with the head of a snake, including a forked tongue, a reptiles body and legs, and a long tail that can be whisked with cutting effect.

Its colour is striking and attracts much attention among visitors to the reptile house in Regent's Park.

Or perhaps its the way it eats eggs—swallowing them whole and bursting them in its tummy—that arouses interest. Or perhaps it's just the eggs.

The lizard was only one of several creatures, including two Angolian vultures and a white-crested bittorn, striped like a tiger, Sir Donald handed over.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

JARS ETC H D
LOCUM LATE
TUBA BROKEN
EMERGE VERY
R R IDLE S
METAL UNDER
X STAR RE
RUTH CERISE
ADROIT AVID
NEAR OFFER
K PEER TREE

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- CLUES ACROSS.—1 Side, 5 Crossed curve, 9 Recess, 10 Festival, 12 Golf stroke, 13 Boy's name, 15 Hauled, 17 Toll, 18 Oak stopper, 20 Climber, 21 Wrath, 22 Reptile, 23 Failure, 24 Limb, 26 Poem, 28 Ay, 30 Horse, 31 Warble, 33 Steam-whistle, 35 Frown, 38 Rim, 39 Brief look, 40 Slacken, 41 Profound.
- CLUES DOWN.—1 Knock gently, 2 Dodge, 3 Part of play, 4 Insect, 5 Permission, 6 Away, 7 Breach of faith, 8 Account books, 11 Slipped, 14 Heavy, 16 Resist, 18 Trespasser, 19 Yellow pigment, 25 Land measure, 27 Elegy, 29 Bring out, 32 Pleased, 34 Drink, 36 Pronoun, 37 Corded fabric.

Good Morning



CLOTHES? WHAT ARE THEY, ANYWAY?

This coming all-in wrestling champ thinks wearing clothes is a sissy habit. "When a man's got a shape to be proud of, why shouldn't he show it?" is his philosophy.



LEND US YOUR SPECS, LADY, WE'RE A BIT SHORT SIGHTED."

Somebody once said that "men seldom make passes at gals who wear glasses"—but we don't think he could ever have seen this bouncing spectacle-queen! Idea was a beauty parade staged for the gals who wear specs. Just like us, to leave our's behind, that morning!



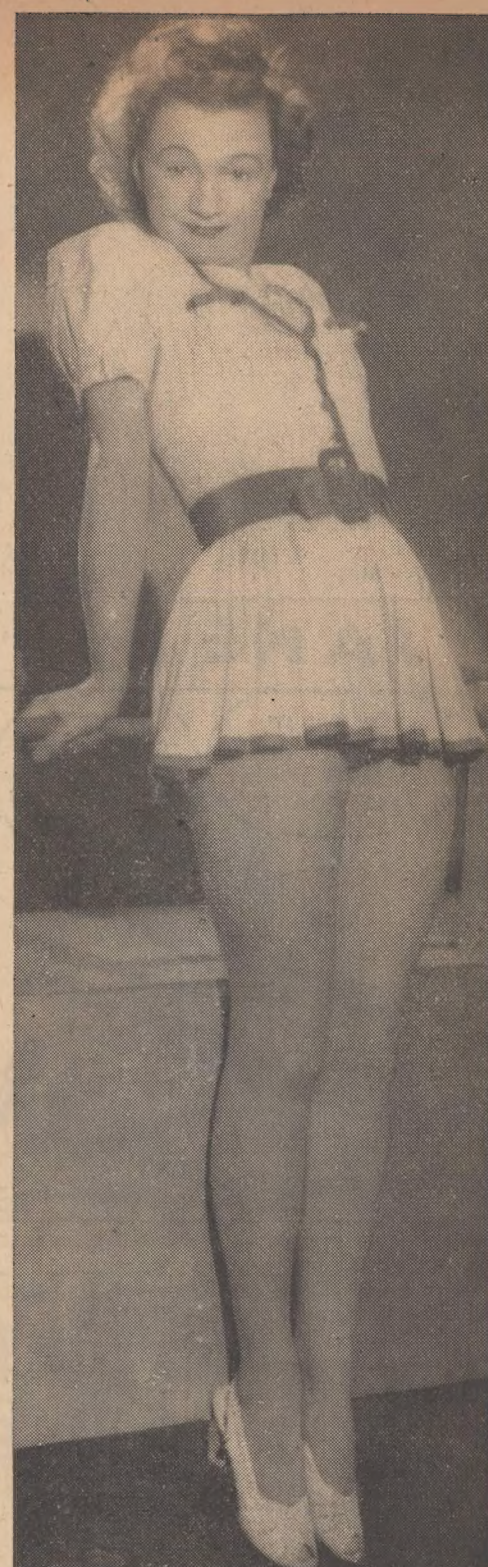
BRITAIN'S SMALLEST BARMAN.

Only 3ft. 6in. short, Lofty Aslett pulls up the pints at the Western Avenue Hotel at East Acton. He needs an upturned beer crate to reach the handle—but he fills the glasses to the brim. No "room for a gin" in a Lofty-pulled pint, say the locals.



WHERE'S THAT GUY "PUNCH"?

These two kiddies on the beach at Blackpool decided to have a word with Punch themselves. They were going to give him a bit of their mind—"knocking poor Judy about like that." So they called round at the back door. And who did they find? Why, Mr. Moore, himself—with his hands full of puppets.



SON FOR "STINKER."

Mrs. Peggy Murdoch, formerly Peggy Rawlings, the actress, and wife of Squadron Leader Richard Murdoch—Stinker to Band Waggon fans—has given birth to a son. Squadron Leader and Mrs. Murdoch already have two daughters.